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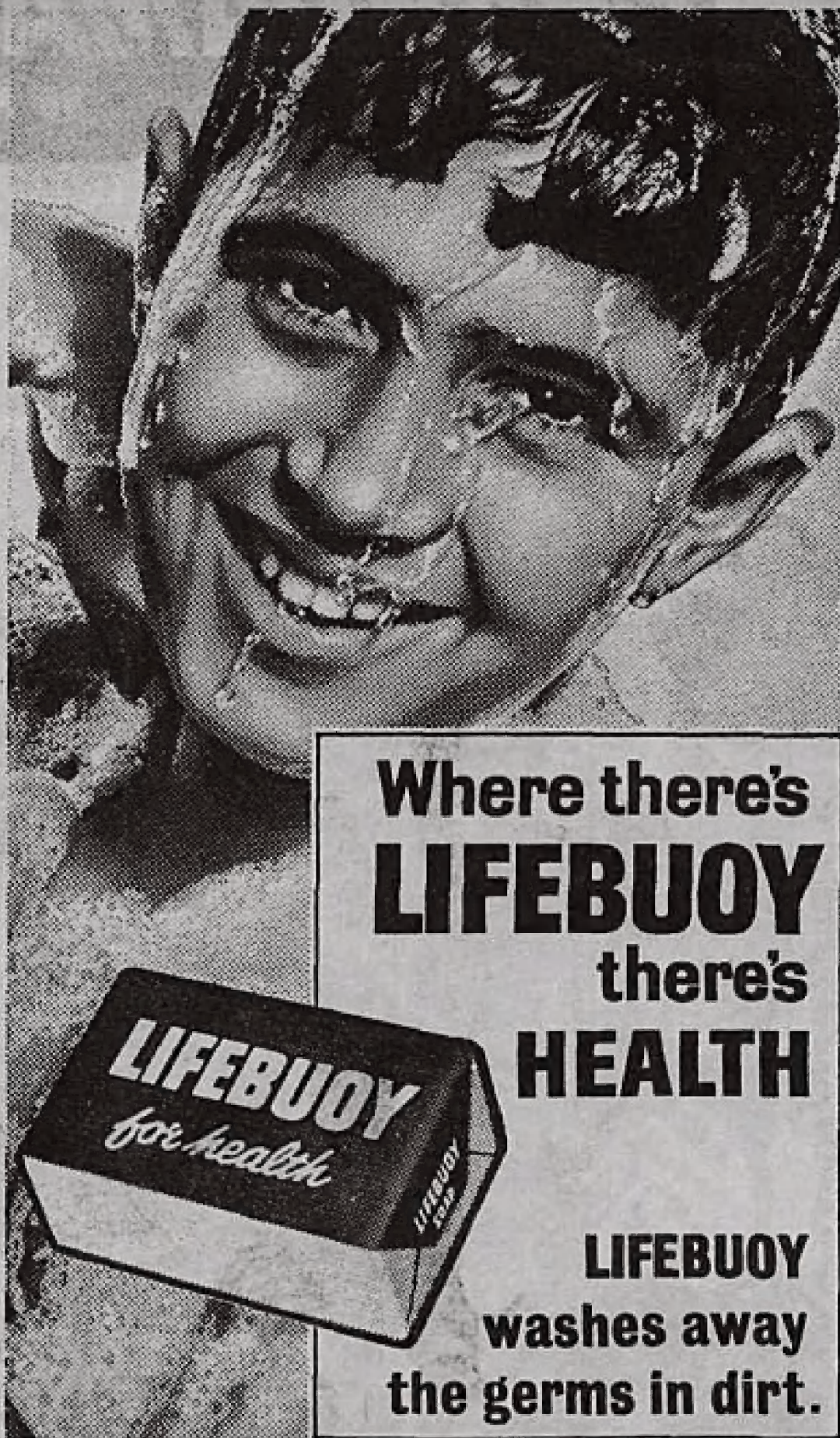
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THE ROMAN GLADIATORS

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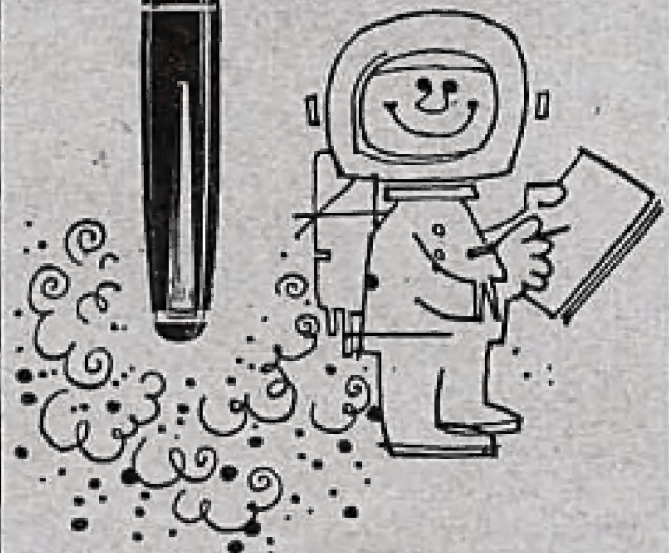


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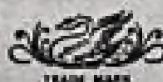


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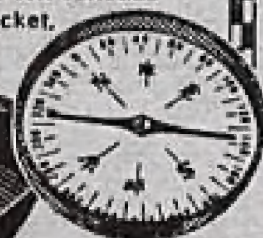
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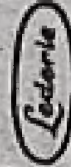
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CHANDAMAMA

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MONKEY BUSINESS

Hiralal was a simple villager. He was neither well educated nor very clever, but he had a happy disposition, with a cheery word and a smile for everyone. He managed to live quite comfortably according to his tastes, by doing any sort of odd job, whether it be repairing a cart, building a wall, or working in the fields.

His happy go lucky way of life made him very popular, perhaps with the exception of Madan, a fairly prosperous landowner, who couldn't understand why people should like a penniless individual such as Hiralal, and yet avoided a well-to-do man like himself. The trouble was, Madan spent all his time gloating over the money he squeezed out of other people.

With Diwali approaching, there was a fair being held in a nearby town and Madan decided to walk there, as it was cheaper than hiring a conveyance, to buy new clothes.

On the way, he overtook Hiralal who was idly sauntering along the road. "Hullo Hiralal," he called out. "Don't tell me you are going to the fair to spend money."

"Not me," replied Hiralal with a broad grin. "I have no money to spend. But I am going to the fair, to make some purchases for the magistrate, who is too busy to go himself."

The two men went on together, but as it was becoming uncomfortably hot, Madan suggested that they rest a while beneath the shady neem trees



Madan quietly steals Hiralal's money

on the side of the road. They had no sooner sat down and made themselves comfortable, when Hiralal as his wont, fell fast asleep.

As Madan looked at his sleeping companion, it struck him that this was a golden opportunity to take this fellow down in the world. Now if Hiralal was to lose the money entrusted to him by the magistrate, the poor fool would probably be accused of stealing it, and have to spend a few years in jail.

So careful not to disturb the sleeping Hiralal, Madan deftly took the money out of Hiralal's

pocket, and put it in his own pocket.

Congratulating himself on his cleverness, Madan lay back lovingly contemplating Hiralal's future fate, then he himself fell of into a deep sleep.

Now high up in the branches of these neem trees, were a number of chattering monkeys. One old fellow, wise in years and inquisitive by nature, had carefully watched the drama being played below his perch. He was rather intrigued as to what had been passing from pocket to pocket, so he decided to climb down and investigate for himself.

The old monkey nimbly removed all the money from Madan's pocket, and then seeing it wasn't something nice to eat, stuffed it all into Hiralal's pocket.

Later the two men resumed their journey, Hiralal enjoying the scenery, whilst Madan evilly contemplated all the troubles that were in store for Hiralal.

When they arrived at the fair, they parted company. Madan thinking of the extra money in his pocket, purchased a lot of expensive clothes, but when he reached for his money, it had

gone! Some dastardly thief had picked his pocket!

Hiralal methodically bought all the things the magistrate required, and imagine his surprise to find he had a lot of money over. Maybe money did multiply, but he couldn't work that out, although now he was able to buy himself some new clothes.

When eventually the story of Hiralal's good fortune became village gossip, Madan ruefully scratched his head in wonder, and decided that perhaps Hiralal wasn't quite so foolish as he looked.

Diwali Greetings to all our readers





THE OTHER WITNESS

Pramod and Ramani were two fairly prosperous landowners who lived in the same village. But they were two men of vastly different characters. Pramod was a generous and kind hearted man and naturally was popular with everyone. Whereas Ramani was arrogant and had a reputation for meanness. In fact, people said Ramani wept buckets everytime he was forced to spend a coin.

One day, the two men happened to meet on the outskirts of the village, and although they had little in common, good natured Pramod stopped and jocularly asked Ramani how his crops were coming on.

Before Ramani could reply, an old beggar who was passing

by, stopped and asked the two men for alms.

"Get away with you," roared Ramani. "If I gave money to every beggar, I would be a beggar myself."

But Pramod put his hand in his pocket and gave the beggar a few small coins. "There you are my man, now go and get yourself something to eat."

As the beggar shuffled away, Ramani turned to Pramod and said indignantly, "Why do you give money to these useless beggars?"

"A little charity doesn't hurt anyone," Pramod replied.

Ramani went on his way muttering and grumbling to himself over people who gave money to beggars, and how he would love to take that fellow



Pramod down a peg, that would wipe the smile off his face.

Some days later, Pramod was walking across his fields, when he discovered a young calf in peril of drowning, in the canal that flowed past his fields. He promptly rescued the poor animal, which was more dead than alive, and carried it home for his wife to look after.

With good feeding, the calf soon recovered, and it came to the ears of Ramani that Pra-

mod now possessed a young calf. That's funny thought Ramani, that man never owned any cattle. He must have stolen that calf, so I am going to make a complaint to the magistrate.

So off to the magistrate's court went Ramani, where he swore that a calf by his prize cow, had been stolen and he was positive that Pramod was the thief.

The magistrate was a little sceptical of this story, but he

sent for Pramod to attend the court and to bring the calf with him.

When Pramod arrived with the calf, Ramani pounded the magistrate's desk with his fist, shouting, "That's my calf, I would recognise it anywhere."

"Hold your tongue," ordered the magistrate, and turning to Pramod asked him to explain how he came to own the calf.

Pramod told the court how he rescued the calf from the canal and not being able to find the rightful owner had kept the calf.

"A pack of lies," roared Ramani. "Of course he stole the calf from me. Send the rogue to prison."

"Not so fast," said the magistrate peering over his glasses. "There's another witness in this case"—and pointing his finger at Ramani he went on—"Go

and fetch the cow to which this calf belongs."

Off went Ramani, mumbling and growling about peculiar justice, and eventually returned leading a placid cow on a rope.

The calf made no move towards the cow and the cow took one look at the calf and shied away, as if to say, I want nothing to do with this strange calf.

The magistrate gave Ramani a searching look, who was beginning to wish he had never made the complaint.

"Well, perhaps I was mistaken," he mumbled. "But—

"You have said enough," said the magistrate sternly. "The calf rightly belongs to Pramod. And because you have come to this court anxious to defame Pramod, I order you to pay him the sum of five hundred rupees, for trying to cause him mischief."



GULAMED AND THE MAGICIAN

Once upon a time in a land called Tartary, which used to be a country near the Black Sea, there lived a husband and wife, who had an only son named Gulamed. They gave him everything he wanted and spoiled him so much that when he grew up into a young man, he was not much good at anything.

They tried to make him learn a trade, but he failed at everything and nobody would give him a job.

One morning, the father set out on a journey with Gulamed to another part of the land in the hope of finding him useful work.

The sun was hot and after walking many miles, both of them were tired and very thirsty. At last, at the end of the day, they came upon a spring of clear water, bubbling out of some rocks. The father eagerly scooped up a handful, crying out in joy: "Marvilo!"

This was a word, which in



his own language, meant: "Marvellous!"

Next moment, from out of the water came the figure of an old man with a long white beard. "What do you want with me?" he asked. "My name is Marvilo."

Though surprised, Gulamed's father hoped he might get help from the old man and told him all about his son.

"Have faith in me," said the old man. "I will teach him a trade."

The father agreed, so the bearded man took Gulamed by the hand and led him down to his home beneath the water of the spring.

The young man was a little afraid and became even more frightened when the daughter of Marvilo told him that her father was a powerful magician.

"All those who learn the secrets of his magic are killed at the end of one year," she told him, "but those who do not learn anything are thrown out. It is best not to let Marvilo know that you have learned anything."

Gulamed took her advice and though he learned all about the magic spells, he never let Marvilo suspect. He acted like a fool and pretended to understand nothing about magic.

After a year, Gulamed's father went back to the spring and called out: "Marvilo!"

The old bearded man appeared at once, bringing Gulamed with him.

"Take this stupid son of yours out of my sight," shouted Marvilo angrily. "He has not got the sense to learn anything." And he vanished.

Father and son began to walk away and a little while later, Gulamed thought he would try a magic spell. Keeping behind his father, he said some magic words and changed himself into a pheasant. His father greedily tried to catch it, but the pheasant flew away—and a few moments later, Gulamed returned as his human self.

"Where have you been?" demanded his father. "If you had been here you could have helped me to catch a fine pheasant for our supper."

Gulamed said nothing, but later on, he used some more magic to change himself into an antelope. The same thing happened. The father tried to catch it but failed.

Changing back again to himself, Gulamed walked home with his puzzled father and there told him the truth about the pheasant and antelope.

"Listen carefully," Gulamed added. "Tomorrow I will change myself into a donkey. Take me to the market and sell

Gulamed changed himself into an antelope and his father tried in vain to catch it.



me—but be certain not to sell the reins as well, or I shall be lost forever.”

His father obeyed, taking Gulamed in the shape of a donkey to market, where he sold him for fifty pounds. He was careful to take the reins back home with him and soon after Gulamed came walking in, delighted.

When the money was spent, Gulamed changed into a fine horse, which his father took to market. He argued with a buyer that the horse was worth two hundred pounds, but the buyer would only agree, if the

reins were included in the price. For a while, Gulamed’s father resisted this offer, but his greed got the better of him and he sold the horse with reins as well.

Alas! When he got back home, the father found that the bag contained no money... only broken pottery. The buyer was Marvilo, the magician.

Leading the horse to the spring, Marvilo tied it to a tree, saying that he would be back again in a few moments with a pistol to shoot it. Poor Gulamed was in a state of terror. With the reins still on



his head, he was not able to change himself from a horse to a human being and he was beginning to give up in despair when the magician's daughter crept up and cut him free.

Gulamed thanked her and managed to escape the magician by changing into a pheasant and flying away.

Furious at this, Marvilo at once changed himself into a hawk and flew after the pheasant. For six days and six nights the chase went on and it

seemed that the hawk would never tire.

In the end Gulamed could fly no more and he said a prayer to heaven, "Save me, please, and I promise to live an honest and hard-working life, never cheating anyone again."

As if in answer to his prayer, a great castle appeared below. Upon the terrace, lying on a divan, was a young and beautiful princess. She was the daughter of the King, who had just died, and she was sad because she did not know how to rule her country.

The pheasant changed itself into a bunch of magnificent flowers, which dropped down upon her knees and the princess exclaimed, "This must be a sign from heaven."

The hawk, in turn, changed into a wandering minstrel and came to the side of the princess to sing her a song. When the song was ended, the princess offered him some money, but the minstrel said, "I don't wish for money, princess, but I would like you to give me that bunch of flowers."

She hesitated, not wishing to give up the flowers which had mysteriously fallen into her lap from heaven. She plucked off

one single rose-petal, which suddenly changed into grains of wheat, spilling over the carpet.

Instantly, the minstrel changed into a large chicken, which stretched out its neck to snatch up the wheat... but luckily for Gulamed, a jackal burst on to the terrace and swallowed up the chicken in a flash.

The jackal bounded away and then the flowers and grains of wheat became changed back into Gulamed.

He explained everything and

thanked her for helping to save his life.

"Now you can save me in turn," said the princess. "Be my husband and reign over this country at my side."

Gulamed happily agreed and keeping the promise he had made to heaven, he worked hard and honestly and learned to rule the country very wisely.

The minstrel sang a song to
— the princess.



THE STONE MEN

Long ago, among the Redskin people, there lived a very beautiful girl. She lived with her mother in a wigwam and many young braves wished to marry her, but her mother thought she was too young to marry.

Then one day the girl went down to the river to fetch some water and a Sorcerer saw her. He fell in love with her at once, so he picked her up and carried her back to his home. He wanted the girl to marry him, but she did not like him one bit and she refused to have anything to do with him. The Sorcerer was very angry and he put a spell on her, so that although she could wander in and out of the house, she could never go away.

Many young braves made their way to the Sorcerer's house to try to win the girl back and he said that anyone who could pass three tests he set, could take the girl away and marry her, but those who did not, would be turned to stone.

So many failed that soon the



As the girl went down to the river to fetch some water, a Sorcerer saw her.



The braves who failed the tests were turned into stone and soon the Stone Men surrounded the Sorcerer's house.

Stone Men formed a ring around the Sorcerer's house.

Finally, news of the beautiful girl kept prisoner by the Sorcerer, reached a young brave named Zini, who lived deep in the forest with his sister. He spent his time hunting and fishing and as long as they had plenty to eat he did not bother about anything. However, when he heard of the plight of the beautiful girl, he felt sorry for her and he decided to rescue her.

Zini set off through the forest, carrying his bow and arrows and some food, and as he went

he saw a man behaving very strangely. He was jumping up and down under a pine tree. Zini stopped and watched.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I am trying to get some pine cones to eat, for I am hungry," said the man.

"Why don't you climb up and get them?" asked Zini.

"I would, but I am too strong. I would break the tree down, so I have to try to jump up and catch them in my mouth," replied the man.

"I will climb up and get you plenty," said Zini. "But I have

"I am trying to get some pine cones to eat," said the man.

some food here. First, let us sit down and share it."

When they had finished and Zini had collected the pine cones, the man said, "What can I do for you in return?"

Zini replied that there was nothing he wanted, for he was on his way to the Sorcerer's house, to release the girl he held captive. "Then I will come with you, for I may be of some use," replied the Strong man.

They left the forest and as they climbed the hill, they saw a man walking along with stones tied to his ankles.

"What are you doing?" asked Zini.

"I am hunting buffaloes," replied the man. "But I have to tie stones to my feet, for I run so fast that I always find myself ahead of them. I hope these stones will slow me down."

Then he asked where they were going and when he heard he offered to come, too, in case he could be of any help, so Zini, the Strong man and the Swift man, went on together.



Soon they came to a large lake. A man was kneeling beside it taking big gulps of water and at each gulp the lake went down a foot. "What are you doing?" asked Zini and the man replied that he was thirsty, so he was taking a drink. When Thirsty One had drunk the lake dry, he asked them where they were going and he went along, too.

On the other side of the lake they met a man walking along looking at the sky. When Zini asked what he was doing, he replied that he had shot an arrow up several hours ago and was waiting for it to come down. Zini told him where they were going and Skilful Archer decided to go, too. They had not gone far, when his arrow came shooting down.

As they neared the Sorcerer's house, they came to a man with his ear to the ground. He told them he was listening to the plants growing. When Zini told him they were on their way to the Sorcerer's house, Sharp Ears put his ear to the ground. "Yes, he is near here, I can hear him," he said and he went along with them, too, and told them which way to go.

They reached the Sorcerer's house, and told him why they had come. All around were the Stone Men who stood straight and still, never moving a muscle. "That big cliff in front of my house keeps the sun off. I want it removed before sunset," said the Sorcerer. Then he went away.

Zini stared at the huge cliff in horror, but Strong Man just said, "Easy." He strode over

to the cliff and put his shoulder to it. It creaked and shuddered and soon fell to pieces, so that all the Sorcerer found when he returned was a pile of rubble and Zini saw that the eyes of the Stone Men were moving and they were smiling.

Next day the Sorcerer told Zini that the nearby river must be dried up, for it often flooded his fields.

"Easy," said Thirsty One and he went down to the river and drank until it was dry. Then he went to the spring which fed the river and blocked it up so that when the Sorcerer returned there was no water, much to his annoyance. At this there was the sound of clapping. They all looked round to see the Stone Men clapping their hands, for now they had come alive to the waist.

Next morning the Sorcerer told Zini that he must race against a young girl who had never been beaten.

"With your permission, I shall take on this test," said Swift Runner.

"It matters not to me who does it," said the Sorcerer, "for if one of you fails you will all be turned into stone."

The Sorcerer went away and

a young girl appeared, but it was really the Sorcerer, who had changed himself into a girl. Swift Runner untied the stones from his feet and he ran so swiftly that he beat the Sorcerer to one end of the course with no difficulty. They sat down to rest, but as they got up, the Sorcerer flung magic dust into Swift Runner's eyes and he fell asleep. Then the Sorcerer began to run back.

In the distance, Zini and his friends saw only the girl running. There was no sign of Swift Runner. Sharp Ears put his ear to the ground and he heard Swift Runner snoring.

"I will wake him," said Skilful Archer. He fitted an arrow to his bow and it flew straight to

Swift Runner and hit him on the nose, so that he leaped to his feet. There, far in front of him, he saw the running girl. He ran in great leaps and bounds and the girl heard mighty feet pounding up behind her. As she turned to look, Swift Runner passed the finishing post, ahead.

"Hurrah," came a great shout. It came from Zini and his friends and also from the Stone Men, who were now quite free. The enraged Sorcerer, however, disappeared in a great cloud of smoke, never to be seen again. Zini and the beautiful girl were married at once and all the Stone Men then went home, quite recovered. As for Zini's friends, they went off seeking new adventures.



Swift Runner passed the finishing post, ahead.



THE KING'S JESTER

The great King Dharmapala had a jester at his court for many years. This jester was an ungainly dwarf, and could be described as being as ugly as sin, but his antics, witticisms and droll stories, made him very popular with the king. So much so that he was inclined to take liberties which nearly brought about his downfall.

It so happened, that one morning the king had a bad attack of gout, which at the best of times made him extremely bad tempered. But on this particular morning the king could hardly walk, and then the jester took on himself to mimic the king hobbling along and giving pitiful groans.

This so enraged the king, that he ordered the jester to be executed immediately. The poor jester fell on his knees

and begged for mercy.

"You will get no mercy from me," roared the king. "But in view of your long service, I will grant you just one favour. You may choose how you are to die. You will make your wishes known by sunset, so that the executioner can make the necessary preparations."

That evening the jester was brought before the king. Going down on his knees, the jester said in a sad voice, "Your Majesty, I have decided as to how I would like to die."

"Then name it, and it shall be done," said the king.

"God bless Your Majesty!," quickly replied the jester. "I would like to die of old age."

This so appealed to the king's sense of humour, that he pardoned the jester and let him remain at court.

THE ROMAN GLADIATORS

The Roman gladiators were specially trained men, who fought to the death for the amusement of crowds of Romans, who packed into the Colosseum to watch them. You can see two gladiators fighting on the front cover. One man has a short, sharp sword and shield with which to protect himself. He also has metal arm and leg shields and a helmet to protect his head. The other man has no metal armour and he carries only a three-pronged spear, called a trident, and a big net. The man with the net needed to know how to throw it very skilfully, so that his opponent became tangled up in it. Then he could use his trident and kill him. However, if the man with the net threw it badly, he had no protection from his opponent's sharp sword and one swift thrust of the sword was usually enough to end the fight. If a gladiator fell



This is how the Colosseum looked when it was built. It was completed in A. D. 80

wounded, the crowd decided whether he should live or die. If they thought he had fought well they turned their thumbs up and his life was saved, but if they turned their thumbs down, his opponent killed him.

The Colosseum was always packed with people. At the very front sat all the important officials, the priests, the magistrates and others. The Emperor



The ruins of the Colosseum, as they can still be seen today in Rome.

had his own special box, right in front. They were protected from the wild animals in the ring by a wall, fifteen feet high. The first seventeen rows were kept for all the wealthy families of Rome, but all the rest of the seats were for the mob off Romans from all parts of the city.

Staircases led up to the seats at the top. These were the least pleasant seats. There was no roof, but all around the top of the Colosseum were wooden masts to which canvas was tied. It shielded people from the sun but it made the seats at the top hot and stifling.

The shows went on from dawn to dusk. There were chariot races, with light chariots pulled by teams of horses. There

were plenty of wild animals, too. They had been brought from all the countries around Rome.

There were elephants, giraffes, lions, tigers and other wild animals. Some of them were turned loose in the ring and shot by archers with bows and arrows, but the fiercest lions and tigers were let into the ring and then prisoners were driven in after them. The prisoners had nothing to fight with, so they were soon killed.

However, the shows the people really liked best were the fights between the gladiators. Gladiators were men who had been specially trained to fight in the ring. They were usually slaves, criminals or prisoners of war and when they became gladiators they had to swear an oath to fight to the death. They went into the ring lightly armed and the more fiercely they fought, the more the crowd cheered.

Sometimes gladiators who fought well and were very clever became famous and quite wealthy. Successful ones were given a special wooden sword when they retired and sometimes a pension, but most gladiators were very soon killed.



THE RATNADURG RUBIES

Half a dozen horsemen were picking their way up a break-neck path. There was no mistaking their leader, it was Prince Santasimh, impatient for the sight of his beloved city of Ratnadurg, after a tour of neighbouring kingdoms, which had taken longer than he had anticipated.

But when he pulled up at the brow of the hill and peered keenly forward across the tangled countryside, a gasp of astonishment left his lips. For instead of seeing the bustling city of Ratnadurg, he was looking at a city of the dead. There was not a sign of life to be seen, only a horde of hideous vultures hovering over the city.

Without a word, the prince wheeled his horse, and set off at a headlong gallop down the

side of the hill, with his retinue strung out well behind. With a grim face, the prince rode into the city and the place was an absolute shambles. Mutilated corpses lay everywhere, and whoever had invaded the city, had spared neither man, woman or child.

Inside the palace the carnage was even worse. From the piled up corpses, it was plain to see that a last desperate stand had been made, and in the forefront lay the body of his brother, the ruler, with his sword still in his hand.

As he stood there, the prince was sure that he heard a pitiful cry from close by. Hurrying in the direction of the sound, the prince discovered the palace priest, lying in a welter of blood, close to death.



The priest greeted the prince with a wan smile. "I knew you would come," he gasped, in an almost inaudible voice. "Two nights ago, Kasim a captain of the guard, opened the city gates for Krurasimh and his murderous horde. No one was spared, and they searched high and low for the famous Ratnadurg rubies. But I saved them." Feebly the priest reached inside his robe and brought out the precious ruby necklace. "Take them, and go from here before Krurasimh returns."

Soon afterwards the old priest died, and the prince calling to

his followers, decided to leave this city of death, but vowed that one day he would make Krurasimh pay for his foul deeds.

As the prince and his retinue rode out of the city, they didn't leave unobserved. Kasim the treacherous captain of the guard, was hiding close to the city wall, hoping he could find the whereabouts of the Ratnadurg rubies. Mounting his horse, Kasim rode furiously across country to overtake Krurasimh who was returning to his own kingdom.

Coming up to Krurasimh and his force, Kasim jumped off his horse and running up to Krurasimh shouted, "Halt! I know where the rubies are. If I tell, what will be my reward?"

"A thousand pieces of gold," replied Krurasimh.

"Prince Santasimh has the rubies," cried Kasim. "And the prince has just left the city riding due north. Now pay me my reward."

"You shall certainly have your just dues," said Krurasimh. "Yesterday you sold out your own king. Tomorrow it would my turn. So here is your reward." With that Krurasimh whipped out his

sword, and with one slash decapitated the renegade captain.

Krurasimh wasted no time. He spurred his men on, intent on cutting off Prince Santasimh's escape.

Meanwhile, Prince Santasimh rode steadily on, his mind tortured at the thoughts of the massacre at his beloved home. Suddenly, one of his retinue pointed out the distant band of riders galloping to overtake them. Realising that this boded no good, and that their horses were tired, the prince ordered his men to disperse and make good their escape.

The prince put his horse to the gallop, hoping to reach the thickly wooded hills before he was overtaken. But after a while, his horse began to falter and looking over his shoulder he saw that one rider had outdistanced the rest, and was hard on his heels.

Realising that escape was impossible, the prince reined in his horse, and waited for his adversary to come to grips. The prince soon recognized that the lone rider was none other than Krurasimh, so now he could avenge the murder of his relatives. As soon as Krura-

simh came within striking distance, the prince threw his spear, which struck the horse behind the shoulder, causing the animal to plunge to the ground, throwing the rider clear.

Krurasimh quickly regained his feet and seeing Prince Santasimh coming towards him, drew his dagger, and rushed at the prince. They should have been well matched, for both were tall and strong, but the prince remembering his slain brother, brushed Krurasimh's mad lunge aside, and closing with his opponent, plunged his dagger up to the hilt, into Krurasimh's body.

Happy to have rid the world of the vile Krurasimh, the prince





rode on his way. After days of travel, he crossed the pass into the vale of Kashmir. Here, tired and worried as to his future, he took shelter in a garden, and throwing himself down on a bench, was soon fast asleep.

It so happened that this garden was part of the estates of the King of Kashmir, and used solely by his daughter, the Princess Sumati. The princess was walking through the garden with her companions, and gave a gasp of surprise at the sight of the handsome figure sleeping on the bench.

This awakened the prince, who jumping to his feet, stood

tongue-tied in front of this beautiful girl, and before he could utter a word, the princess gave him a bewitching smile and ran off.

The prince was so enamoured by this princess, he lost no time in finding out who she was. His spirits dropped when he discovered she was the king's daughter, and he was nothing now, but a penniless prince. At least he still had the famous rubies, so bucking up his courage, he sought an audience with the king.

The king to his surprise, greeted him with open arms, explaining that he had known the rulers of Ratnadurg for many years. When the prince told the sorry story of the massacre of Ratnadurg and how he had slain the vile Krura-simh, the king was greatly moved.

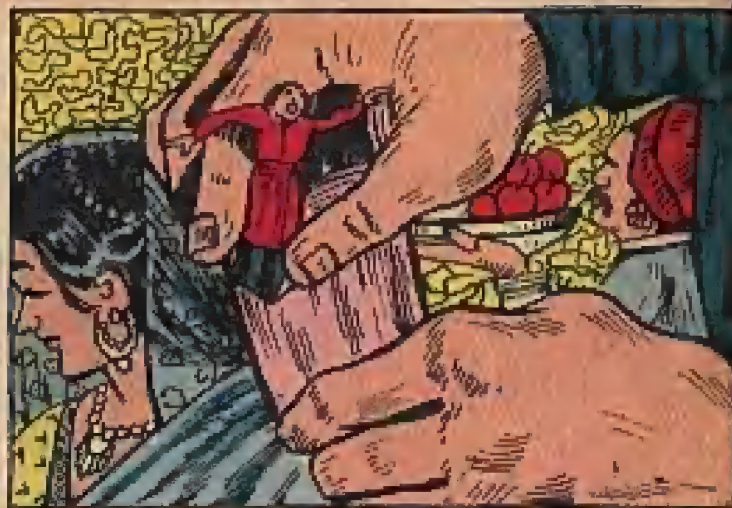
"You must certainly stay at my court," said the king, and then added with a twinkle in his eye. "I know that Princess Sumati will make you more than welcome."

Needless to say, very soon afterwards the prince was betrothed to the princess, and they spent a long, happy life together.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS



Luckily, my young guardian saw the dwarf dropping me into the bowl of cream, for which the dwarf was soundly whipped and made to drink all the cream.



On another occasion, this dwarf picked me up and tried to squeeze me into a hollow marrow bone. Thank goodness, he was caught in time.



Then he would catch flies, and release the buzzing horde around my head. But with my trusty sword, I soon cut them into pieces.



Worse still, one day as I was walking under a apple tree, he gave the tree a good shake and I had to be nimble footed to avoid being squashed by those gigantic apples.



At last his devilry was exposed, and the Queen ordered that the dwarf be banished from the court for his wickedness.



The Queen, knowing my love for the sea, had a miniature boat built for me, which I used to spend hours sailing in a large wooden tank.



I was quite happy, excepting that my small size seemed to invite trouble. One day, the gardener's dog picked me up and carried me to his master.



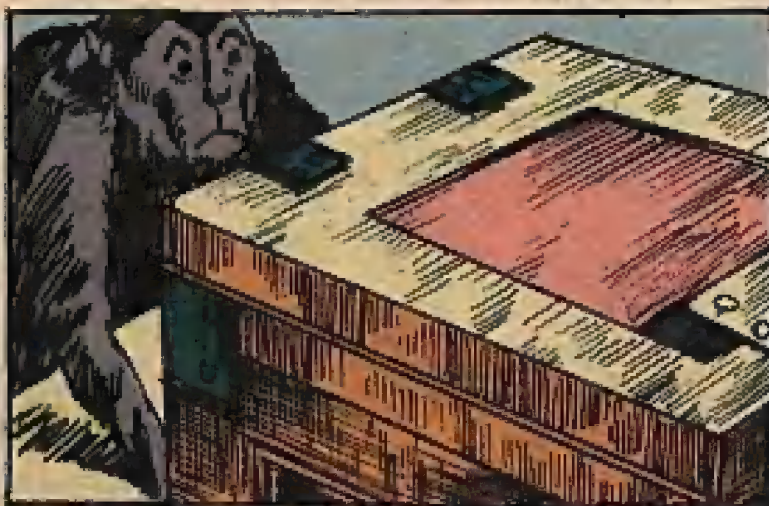
The gardener, who knew me well, gently took me up in his hands, and handed me over to my nurse who had become upset at my absence.



Mind you, there were quite a number of people at court who used to make fun of my small size, and even all the brightly coloured birds in the garden, would hop around me as though I didn't exist.



I could never go out if it rained, but once I was caught in a sudden hail-storm, and with pieces of ice the size of footballs,



But my worst experience was when a wild monkey, got into the palace, and decided I was an unusual object to play



I dodged around my room to avoid that monkey's clutching paw. But in the end he managed to catch hold of my coat and dragged me out.



The monkey got scared, and climbed right up to the roof of the palace. But I must admit the monkey held me very gently.



As the monkey scampered out of the palace, with me clutched in one of its paws, I heard my nurse give a terrific scream.



Soon ladders were brought, and servants quickly climbed to my rescue. The monkey gave one shriek, dropped me on the tiled roof and disappeared.



When I recovered from this hair-raising incident and met the king, he was inclined to laugh at the incident, and asked me what I would have done in my own country if I was attacked by a monkey.

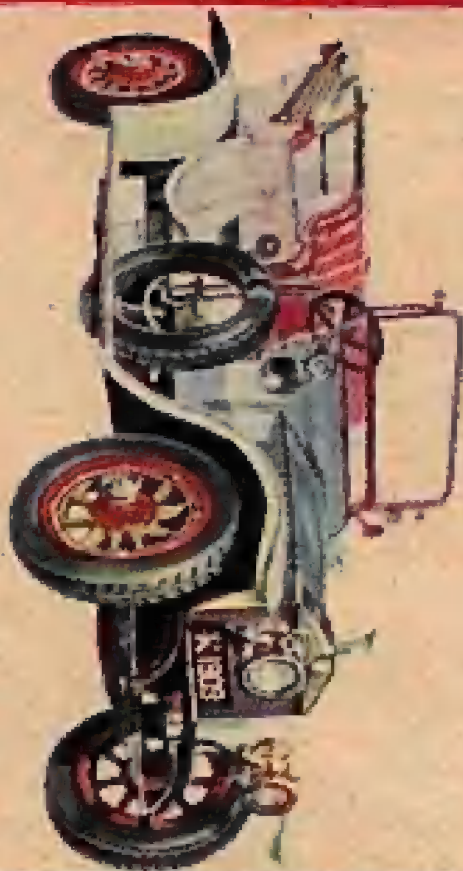


I explained as best I could to the King, that where I came from the monkeys were quite small, and I could certainly handle a dozen of the creatures at a time. The King laughed heartily at my indignant tone, because I suppose I did sound like someone who was annoyed at the idea of their courage being doubted.

CHANDAMAMA CARD INDEX OF KNOWLEDGE

HISTORY

Motor Car-Rolls-Royce



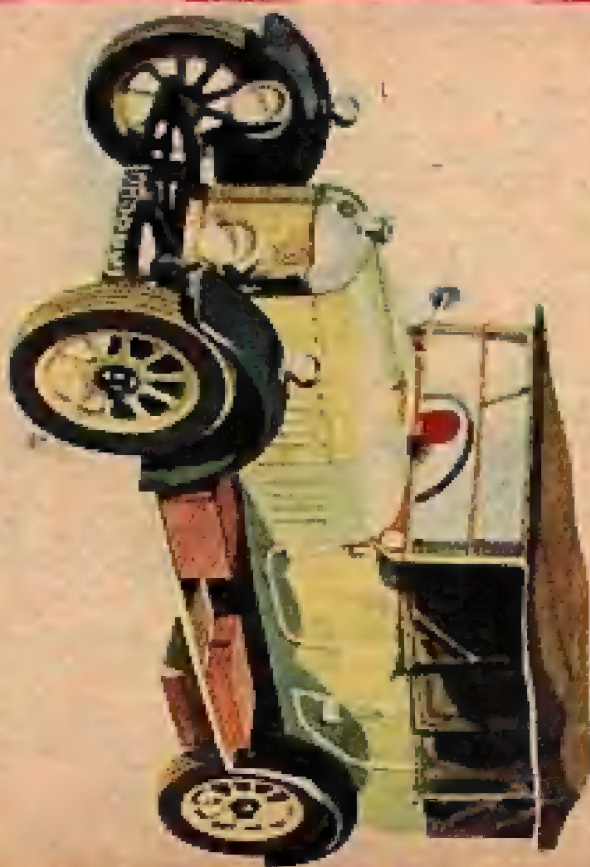
HISTORY

Motor Car-Rolls-Royce



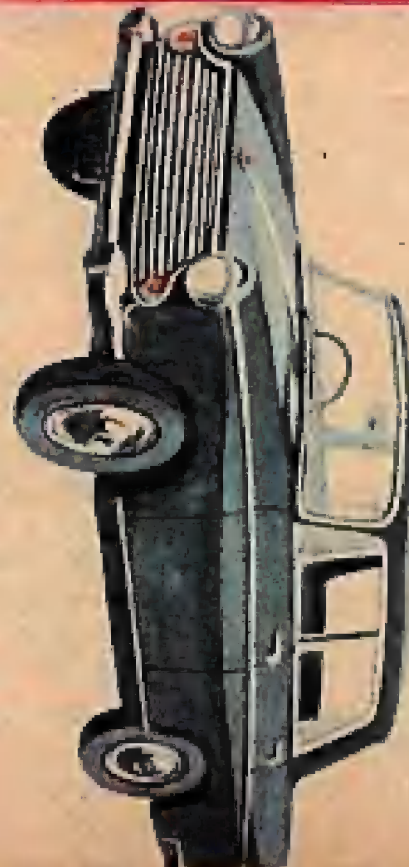
HISTORY

Motor Car-Morris



HISTORY

Motor Car-Morris



HISTORY

Motor Car-Rolls-Royce

THE Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow (see overleaf) has many features not incorporated in the slightly earlier Silver Cloud and, although outwardly smaller, the passenger space and boot are larger. The actual loss in exterior size is $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. in height, $6\frac{3}{4}$ in. in length and $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. in width.

The fuel capacity of the Shadow is greater than that of the Cloud by six gallons. The Cloud carried 18 gallons whereas the Shadow carries 24 gallons.

The Silver Lady mascot still stands on the bonnet but she can be detached. This is necessary in some countries where, because of her size, she infringes the law.

The instrument dials in the Silver Shadow are all in front of the driver and the steering wheel has only two spokes.

HISTORY

Motor Car-Rolls-Royce

EVERYONE has heard of Rolls-Royce cars. They mean power, quality and—perhaps more than any of these luxury.

The name came into existence in the year 1904 when a working agreement was drawn up between C. S. Rolls Limited and Henry Royce Limited, although Rolls-Royce Limited was not registered until 1906.

The first Rolls-Royce was a 10 h.p. two cylinder car and, although Rolls did not really like two-cylinder cars, he had great success in selling it.

But it was 1906 that saw the appearance of what was called "the best car in the world." This was the 40/50 h.p. Silver Ghost. It had a six-cylinder engine and a number of improvements devised by Henry Royce.

The picture overleaf shows a Rolls-Royce car of 1909.

HISTORY

Motor Car-Morris

THE picture overleaf shows a modern Morris Oxford.

The first modern Morris Oxford was made in 1959. It was then an extremely good car but, over the years, there have been a considerable number of improvements.

Today, it is a spacious and elegant car, using not too much petrol and a minimum amount of oil. Five people can be seated comfortably with ample head and leg room.

The Morris Oxford can have either manual gears or automatic transmission. This last is an optional extra but, in the opinion of many people, is well worth it because of the greater ease and comfort provided in driving.

The wheels are of the ventilated disc-type and the tyres are tubeless.

HISTORY

Motor Car-Morris

THE father of the Morris car was William Richard Morris, the man who later became Lord Nuffield.

He was born in 1877 and at 14 began work learning the bicycle trade in Oxford. After two years, however, he left and started work on his own, as a bicycle repairer.

He later made bicycles and, after seven years, turned his hand to motor bicycles.

Motor car design was the next step forward and the first Morris car was the bull-nosed Morris Oxford of 1913.

After that, Morris rapidly increased his range of cars. Among them were the Morris Cowley, the Isis and the Morris Minor. The picture overleaf shows an early Morris Cowley.



MAHABHARATA

The Story so far:

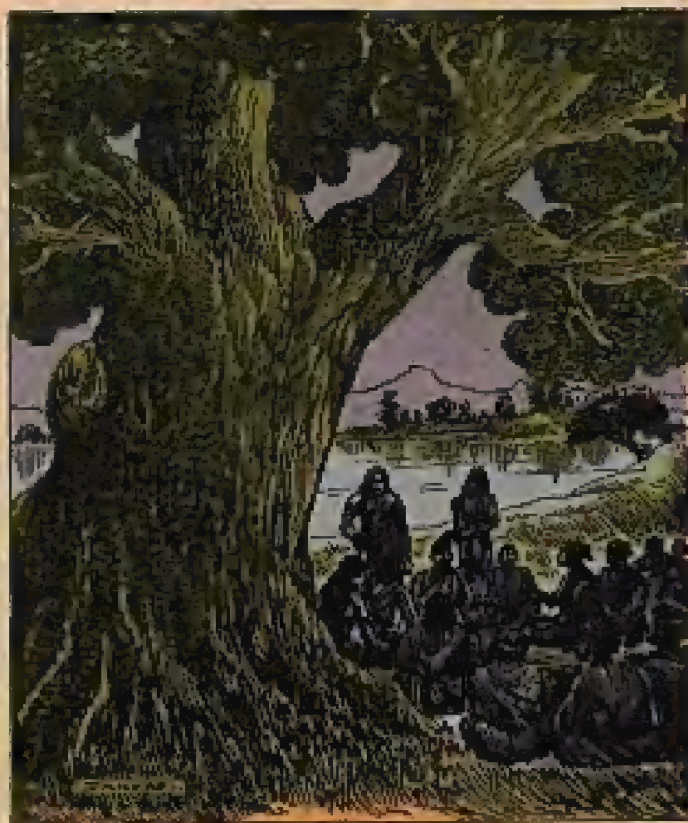
Soon after Yudhishthira had performed the Imperial sacrifice, and assumed the title of Emperor, the Kaurava princes, led by Duryodhana with the help of his uncle, Sakuni, conspired to cheat Yudhishthira of all his possessions by enveigling him into a game of dice. Yudhishthira, accepted the challenge and playing with the recklessness of a gambler lost everything, including his queen, the fair Draupadi. Dhritarashtra, the blind king, relented and released the Pandava princes from bondage.

Duryodhana refused to accept this and a further game of dice was arranged. This time Yudhishthira again lost, and in accor-

dance with the stakes, the Pandava princes had to retire to the forests as homeless exiles for a period of twelve years, and then they must remain a further year in concealment. If they should be discovered during this last year, they must go into exile for another twelve years.

When the Pandava princes accompanied by Draupadi, set out for the forest, there was considerable unrest amongst the people of Hastinapura, who bitterly lamented that their beloved princes had been forced into exile.

The princes, dressed in the garb of homeless exiles, wended their way to the forest. Yudhish-



The Pandavas camp for the night on their first day of exile.

thira begged the weeping crowds that followed them to return home, but he allowed Dhaumya, their priest, to come with them.

At nightfall the weary party, following the river Gānga, came to a huge tree where they decided to camp for the night.

As the days passed the princes, living in such austerity, found it increasingly difficult to find food sufficient to feed themselves, and the many priests who came to visit them in exile.

The Sun god took pity on the princes and one morning appeared before Yudhishtira and gave him the Akshayapatra,

a wonderful vessel which held a never ending supply of food. As the Sun god handed Yudhishtira the vessel he said. "Take this my son, and for the twelve years of your exile you shall have sufficient food to eat. Not till everyone has been fed, will this vessel become empty for the day."

Meanwhile at Hastinapura, Dhritarashtra the blind king, suffered from remorse, as he realised that he had been weak-willed and allowed himself to be misled by Duryodhana and his evil minded followers.

He craved the counsel of the elders, hoping against hope that they would find excuses for his sons, and so lighten the burden that wrapped him in worry and anxiety.

Vidura the wisest of all, would give the king no comfort in his distress, and often told him in harsh words. "Your sons have committed a great wrong. Yudhishtira was foully cheated and you as king should have prevented it. But even now it is not too late. You should recall the Pandava princes from this wrongful exile, and restore to them their rightful inheritance. If you shirk your responsibility, then, as you

have been forwarned, disaster will be upon you and yours." At first Dhritarashtra would sadly listen to Vidura, and in his heart he knew that Vidura in his wisdom spoke the truth, but Vidura's repeated warnings and entreaties began to tell on his nerves, and one day he felt he could stand no more of this.

"Why do you always praise the Pandavas?" he chided. "You never utter a good word for my sons. You ask me to recall the Pandava princes and thereby accuse my own sons of committing unholy crimes. You are obviously against us, so go, for I have lost faith in you, and it would be better for you to join the Pandavas in the forest."

Vidura, shaken by the king's unkind words, and beset with gloomy thoughts as to the future of the Kuru race, hurriedly left the palace, and that same day, drove in his chariot to the forest where the Pandavas lived.

But no sooner had Vidura left Hastinapura, than Dhritarashtra began to repent his hasty words, and in his tortured mind the thought grew that he had strengthened the Pandava cause, by driving Vidura into their arms. Realising his folly, Dhrita-



The Sun god gives Yudhishtira the Akshayapatra vessel

shtra asked Sanjay to go into the forest immediately with a repentant message to Vidura, begging him to forgive a sorrowful king and to return.

Sanjay hurried to the hermitage, where the Pandavas were staying, and found them poorly clad, sitting with sages and Vidura in their midst.

When Vidura heard the king's repentant words, he was greatly moved, and explained to Yudhishtira that it would be for the best if he returned to Hastinapura.

But Vidura's return to Hastinapura, was the cause of yet more trouble. Duryodhana,



Dhritarashtra orders Vidura to leave Hastinapura

openly resented his father recalling Vidura, who always spoke of making peace with the Pandavas. Whereas he, Duryodhana, only aspired to exterminate these trouble-makers.

Karna, backed by the oily-mouthed Sakuni, and the hot-headed Duhsasana, were all for Duryodhana leading a strong force into the forest and ending this enmity once and for all. Duryodhana welcomed this base suggestion, and plans were secretly made to invade the hermitage in the forest and kill the Pandavas.

As this conspiracy was under way, the sage Maitraya came to

the court of Dhritarashtra and was welcomed with great respect.

Dhritarashtra craved the sage's blessing and asked him. "You have met the Pandava princes in the forest. Are they well? And will the day come when there will be peace between us?"

"It is for you to make peace," replied the sage sternly. "When I heard of what transpired at Hastinapura, I wondered how such things could happen whilst Bhishma and you were alive."

Later the sage met Duryodhana and advised him, for his own good, to forsake greed and

Sanjay gives Vidura the king's message of repentance.





Duryodhana and his followers plot to assassinate the Pandavas

jealousy, and to make peace with his cousins, the Pandavas.

The foolish Duryodhana merely burst out laughing, slapping his thighs in derision at such an absurdity.

At this slight, the sage took offence and said. "Are you so arrogant that you slap your thighs at one who means you well? Take heed, for those

thighs will be broken by Bhima's mace and you will die on the battlefield."

Hearing these ominous words, Dhritarashtra fell at the feet of the sage and begged him to forgive his son.

The sage shook his head. "Unless you make peace with the Pandavas, my curse will certainly come true."



NOT ON THE MENU

The vulture wheeled idly in the air, then he suddenly discovered a carcass lying below. "Good heavens," he exclaimed. "It looks like Brer Fox. What a pity he is dead. But what a lovely feast he will make."

Alighting on the ground, the vulture hopped closer to this inviting meal, only to jump back in dismay when Brer Fox lifted his head and regarded the vulture with a baleful eye.

"I am not dead yet, you scavenger," he growled. "I am just waiting for that rabbit to come out of that hole in the tree."

"A rabbit!," said the vulture excitedly. "I will help you to catch it."

"Go away," replied Brer Fox indignantly. "But wait a minute.

If you keep watch and make sure the rabbit doesn't escape, I will fetch my axe, then we will make the hole bigger so that I can get at the rascal."

Without waiting for the vulture to reply, Brer Fox scampered off and the vulture squatted down, drooling at the thought of rabbit for lunch.

The rabbit had listened to all this talk, and thought a cunning fox is one thing, but I will soon get the better of this dumb vulture.

"Oh, Mister Vulture," he cried. "There's a fat rat in here, and it's trying to squeeze through a small hole on the other side of the tree."

"My, my," thought the vulture. "A rat will make a nice snack whilst I am waiting."

And with that the vulture hopped round to the other side of the tree. No soon had he gone, than the rabbit bolted out of the tree, and made tracks for home.

When the vulture saw the rabbit disappearing in the distance, he flapped his wings in dismay. "Of all the check," he croaked. "Why couldn't that rabbit stay here and be caught. Now I shall have to go hungry."

Just then, Brer Fox returned carrying a large axe. Without any ado, the fox started widening the hole in the tree, with resounding blows of his axe.

After a few minutes, bathed in perspiration, the fox paused for a rest, then he noticed that the vulture was sitting there, with a sly look on its ugly face.

"Are you sure the rabbit hasn't escaped?" he barked at

the vulture.

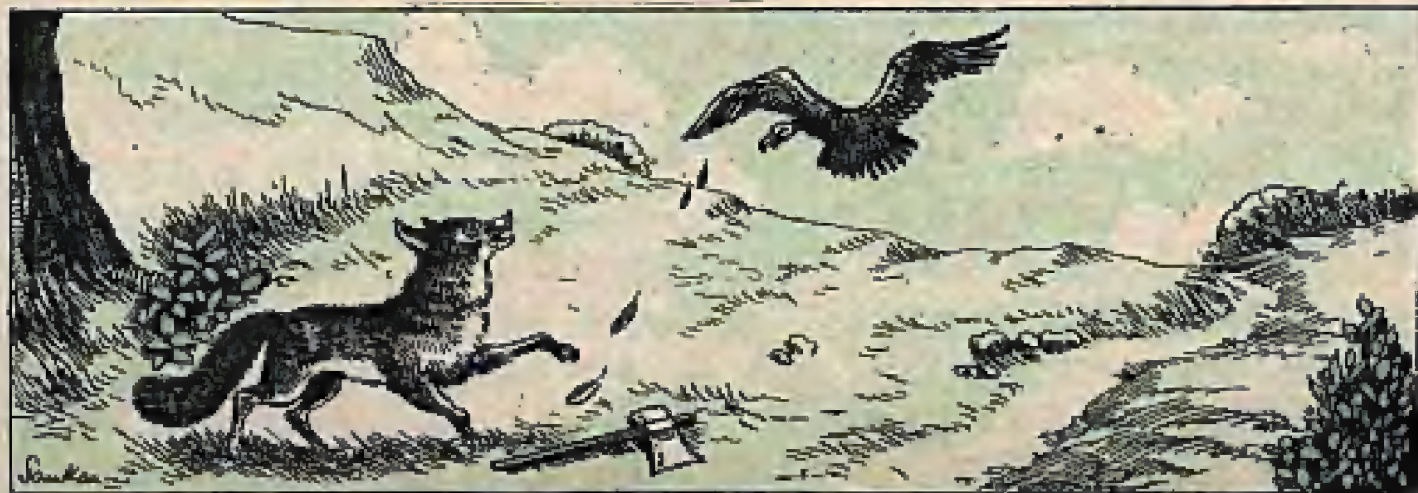
"I don't think so," the vulture mumbled.

Brer Fox glared at the vulture. "You don't think so. Then poke your skinning head in the hole and make sure."

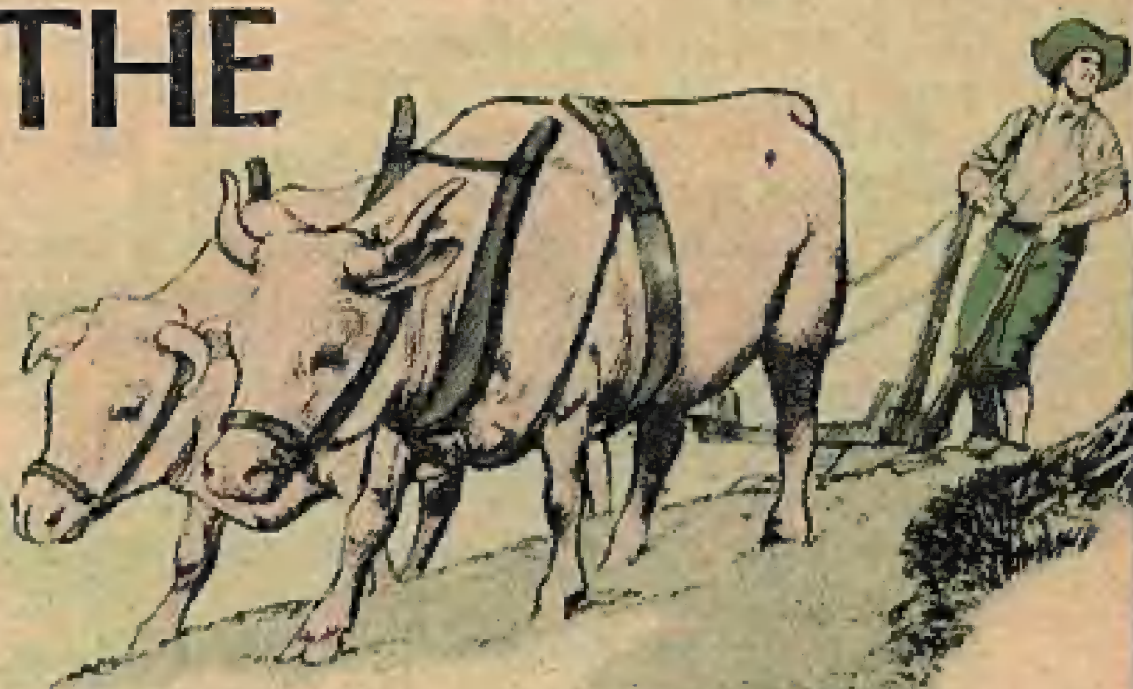
The vulture was quaking with fright, and did so hope the fox wasn't going to lose his temper over one solitary rabbit. Thrusting its head in the hole, the vulture in a sorrowful voice said, "The rabbit seems to have disappeared."

"I thought so," growled the fox, and picking up his axe, thwacked the vulture unmercifully with the flat of the blade, and chased the poor bird round and round the tree. Bruised and shaken, the vulture gathered its wits, and flew up into one of the branches.

Brer Fox slunk off home, hot, tired and still very hungry.



THE ROGUE AND THE KING



One there live a man who was always playing tricks on everyone around. His friends and neighbours grew quite tired of his pranks, but he always seemed to be able to think of new ones to play on them.

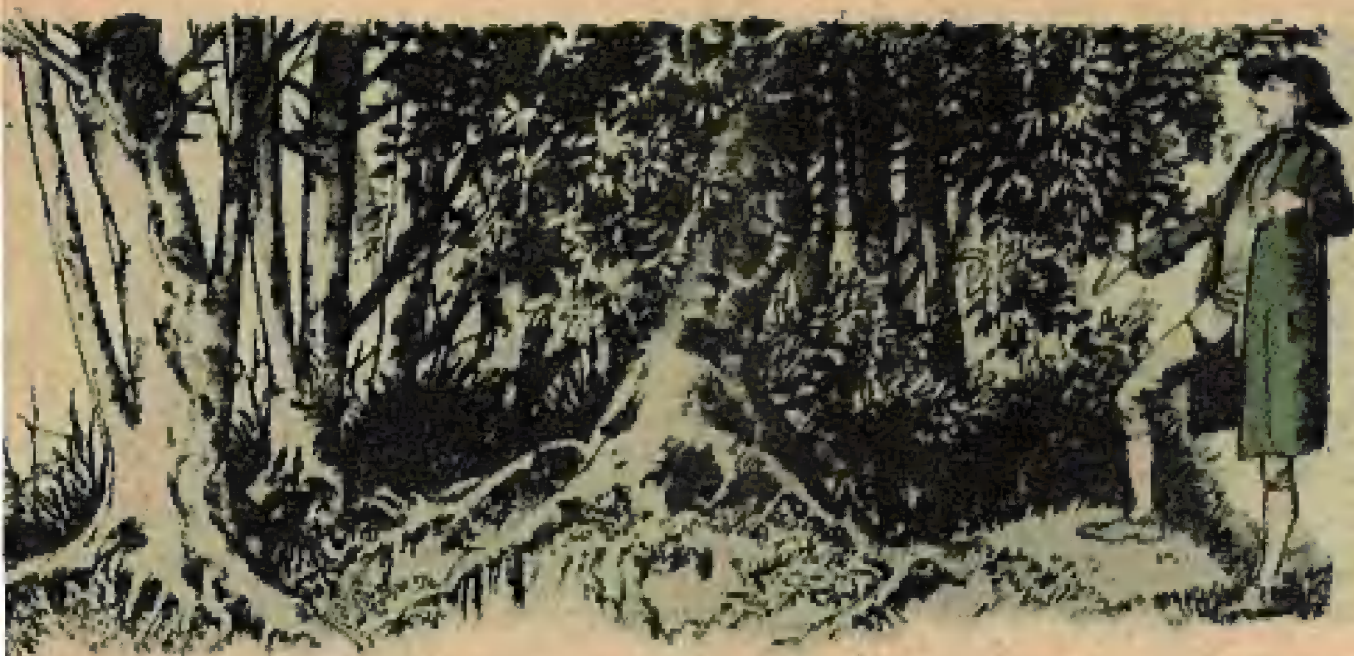
At last the king heard of the rogue's pranks and had him arrested, intending to punish him for his misdeeds and the nuisance he had caused to others. However, the king, thought he would give the rogue a chance. "As you are so clever, you may go free if you fulfil the three tasks I set," he said.

"I shall do them however difficult they are, Your Majesty," said the rogue.

From the window the king could see a large field, which a labourer was ploughing, with a plough drawn by two oxen.

The king pointed to the labourer. "Your first task is to take away those oxen, without letting the labourer know what you have done," he said to the rogue and he chuckled to himself, for he was certain the task was impossible.

The rogue bowed. "Certainly Your Majesty," he said. He left the palace and made his



way to a wood beside the field. Once there he started to sing.

The rogue had a lovely voice and after a time the labourer, who was hot and tired, stopped to listen. He wanted to know where the singing was coming from, so he left his plough and made his way over to the wood, but the singing always seemed to be a little farther away, however deep he went.

When the labourer was in the middle of the wood, the rogue made his way quickly back to the field. He cut off the horns of the oxen and the tips of their tails, half buried them in the last furrow which the labourer had ploughed and then drove the animals away.

Having searched in vain for

the singer, the labourer returned to the field and he rubbed his eyes in amazement, for there was no sign of his oxen and plough. All he could see was the tips of their horns and tails sticking up out of the ground.

Just then the rogue came up and asked what was the matter. "Alas," cried the labourer. "A landslide must have come while I was in that wood over there and buried my poor beasts and the plough with them."

"Why not see if you can pull them up by their tails?" asked the rogue. The labourer brightened up a little at this. He took hold of the tails and gave them a mighty tug and they came up out of the ground.

"Now you have pulled their

tails right off," said the rogue. "Try again with their horns, but be a little more gentle."

The labourer tried again and the horns, too, came up in his hands.

"Ah, well, all you can do now is to dig down and find them," said the rogue and the labourer, thinking this was a good idea, went and found a shovel. He dug until his back ached and his hands were blistered, but he found no sign of his oxen and decided that they must have fallen right to the centre of the earth.

The labourer took hold of the horns and pulled.



Meanwhile, the rogue drove the oxen and the plough to the king, who was astonished when he saw them.

"Well, let us see how well you get on with your second task," said the king. "Go to my stable tonight and take away my charger, so that no one knows who does it."

When the rogue had gone, the king gave orders that the guard on the stable was to be doubled and the Master of the Horse was to sit on the charger all night, taking a pinch of snuff every five minutes to keep him awake.

The rogue laid his plans carefully.

First he sneaked into the apartment of the Master of the Bedchamber, while he was busy with the king, and stole a suit of his clothes. These he put on and at midnight he went to the stables, taking wine and food.

The guards thought he was the Master of the Bedchamber and when he said that the expected thief had been caught and the king was sending wine and rich food for them all to celebrate, they were only too glad to sit down and eat. However, the rogue had slipped a

When they saw the wine and rich food they were only too glad to sit down and eat.



sleeping draught into the wine and they were soon nodding drowsily.

As he felt himself growing sleepy, the Master of the Horse handed the reins of the charger to the supposed Master of the Bedchamber. "Look after this horse for a moment or two, while I have a nap," he said.

The disguised rogue was only too pleased to do so and when the Master of the Horse was

snoring loudly, he mounted the charger and rode off.

When the king visited the stables to see that all was well, he was horrified to find the guards asleep and the charger gone.

He had to admit that the rogue had beaten him again. "Your third task will not be so easy," said the king. "Tonight you must take the wedding ring from the queen's finger

while she is awake and not let her know who takes it."

That night, the king ordered the guards to be doubled on all the doors in the palace and he himself sat in the queen's room.

At midnight, there was the sound of stealthy footsteps and they heard a ladder being placed against the wall and someone mounting it.

The king waited until he thought the man was at the top of the ladder. Then he gave it a shove. It crashed to the ground outside and there was a

thud and a scream.

Now the king felt sorry for what he had done and rushed out to help. As he feared, he saw a figure stretched out on the ground. At once, the king called the guards and told them to remove the body.

However, it was not the rogue at all, but a dummy, which he had dressed up to look like himself and under cover of the confusion, he slipped into the palace and made his way to the queen's room, which was in darkness. Disguising his voice he said. "As I feared, the poor wretch is dead. He will not disturb us again. Give me your ring and I will place it on the ring stand. The weight of it on your finger might make you dream."

The queen took off her ring and gave it to the rogue and he went out.

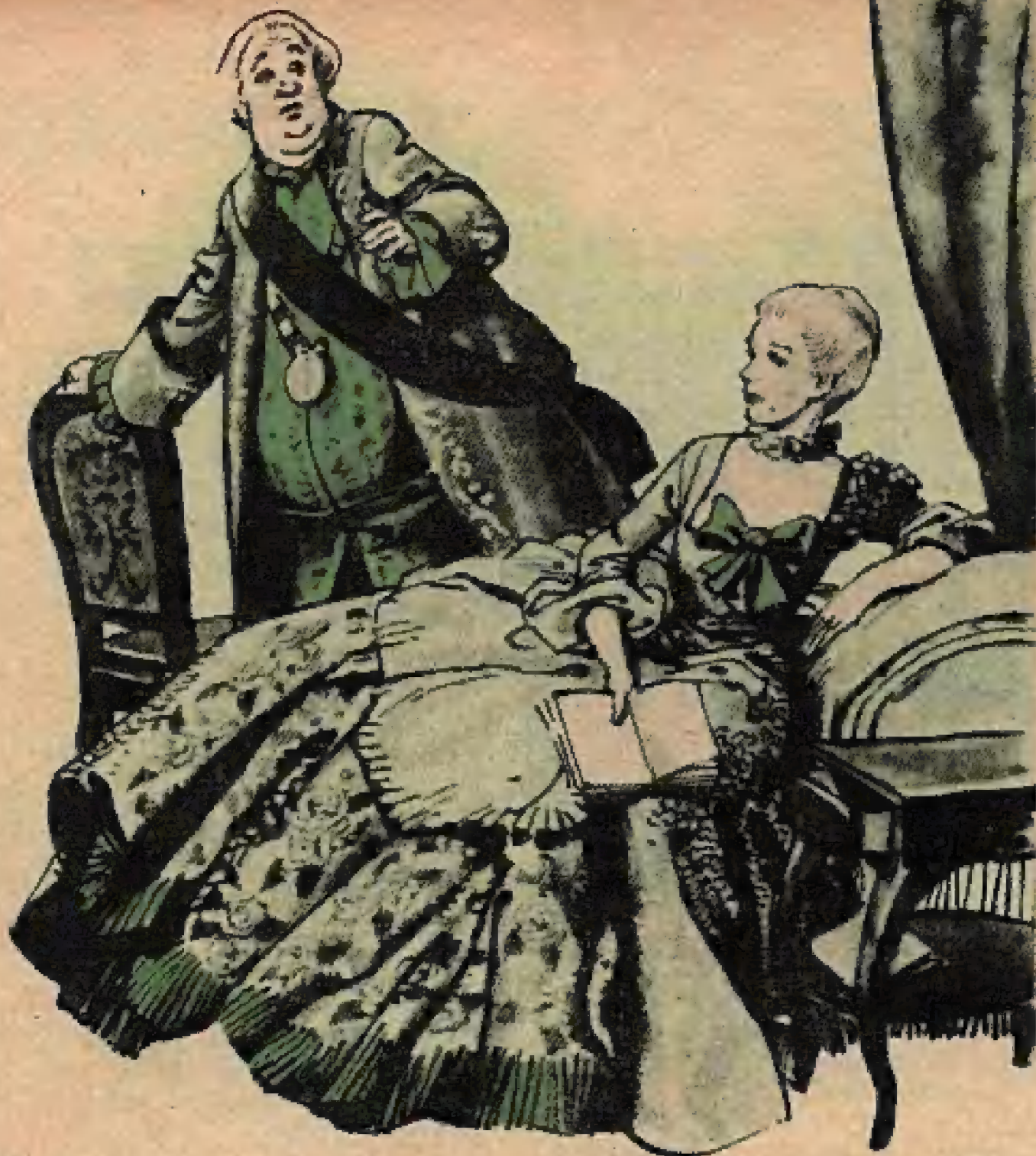
Soon afterwards the king returned. "I have carried the joke too far," he said. "The poor man is dead."

"You told me that before," said the queen. "Why are you telling me the same thing twice?"

"But I told you nothing," said the king. "How do you know about it?"

"You told me just now when





you took my ring," replied the queen.

Then the king was sure it was the rogue's doing again. "I am certain he is the cleverest rogue I ever set eyes upon," he exclaimed.

Next morning, the rogue

presented himself before the king the ring in his hand. The king had to admit that the rogue had performed every task very successfully and in return he received a free pardon and a handsome present, for his cleverness and quick wit.

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

Here's the opportunity for you to win a prize
Winning captions will be featured in the December issue



★ These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or a dozen words but the two captions should be related to each other.

★ Prize of Rs. 20 will be awarded to the best double caption.

★ Entries must be received before

31st October, otherwise they cannot be considered.

★ Your entry should be written on a postcard, giving your full name and address, together with your age, and sent to:

Photo Caption Competition,
Chandamama Magazine,
Madras-26.

Result of Photo Caption Contest in August Issue
This time the prize is shared by two readers :

Mr. T. Seetha Rama Murthy,
Taravani Peta, Mandapeta, A. P.
Miss. G. Vijaya, 85, East Anjaneya Temple Street,
Basavangudi, Bangalore - 1.
Winning Entry — 'Challenging Feet' — 'Balancing Feet'



A NOBLE SACRIFICE

Our story takes us back many, many years to a small kingdom near the mighty Himalayas. The ruler of this kingdom had one son, on whom he lavished every luxury. Unfortunately the prince became rather irresponsible, and with his two bosom friends, one the son of a wealthy merchant, and the other, the son of a priest, the three youths spent much of their time getting into mischief.

Then one day they overstepped the mark, and as a result of one of their pranks, the house of an important official, was burnt to the ground. When the king came to hear of this escapade, he was furious. The three youths received a severe tongue lashing from the king, and were banned from seeing each other again.

The youths considered they had been harshly treated and decided to run away.

The prince thought this would be a great adventure, and late one night, the three youths sneaked out of their homes and met in the bazar, to plan their escape from their parents' wrath.

After a lot of talk, they agreed to journey through the great forest to the Kingdom of Mewar, and become soldiers of fortune. "If we take a lot of money with us," said the prince, "it's going to be heavy to carry. So I propose, we each take one large pearl, which we can sell whenever we need any money."

The others agreed to this, but all this conspiracy was overheard by a thief, who decided that somehow he would join



the three youths, and when the opportunity occurred, would quietly divest them of their precious pearls.

The following night, the three youths slipped out of the city, but they had not gone far when they were waylaid by our friend, the thief.

"Kind sirs," he said meekly. "I am a poor man. For a small pittance, I will be your servant and guide, as I know every path in the country."

The three youths thought this a good idea, so they let the thief join them in their glorious adventure. Several days later, they blundered onto a tribal

village, and the sight of the fearsome tribesmen, made the four adventurers hurry their steps.

The headman of the tribe, sensing money and valuables, shouted to them to halt. The four, without a backward glance, took to their heels, and were soon running for dear life, with a horde of armed tribesmen after them.

They soon realised they were no match for the fleet-footed tribesmen and would soon be overtaken. The prince, gasping for breath, called to his companions to stop. "The pearls," he cried. "If they discover them, they will surely murder us. Let's swallow the pearls, and pretend to be poor travelers."

No sooner had they swallowed their pearls, than they were pounced upon by the tribesmen, who dragged them back to the village. The headman had them searched, but nothing could be found.

"That's very strange," muttered the headman, eyeing the youths. "Well dressed travelers without even a single coin. Bah! Tie them up and perhaps in the morning their tongues will wag more freely."



Tied hand and foot, the four spent a sleepless night, and when the priest's son begged for a drink of water, the sentry with a mirthless chuckle, belaboured him with the haft of his spear.

Early in the morning, the headman came into the hut where they were imprisoned. Glaring at his prisoners, he shouted, "You cannot fool me. I think you must have swallowed your valuables. I will give you five minutes to tell the

truth, otherwise we will split you open like pigs."

The thief thought to himself if this brigand cuts open one of the others, he will find one of the pearls. Then he will surely do the same to the rest of us. But if he starts on me, he will find nothing. Then perhaps he will set the others free.

Somehow the thief managed to get to his feet, and with a look of defiance, spat in the headman's face. "You filthy cannibal," he shouted. "Open

me up and you'll find nothing for your trouble."

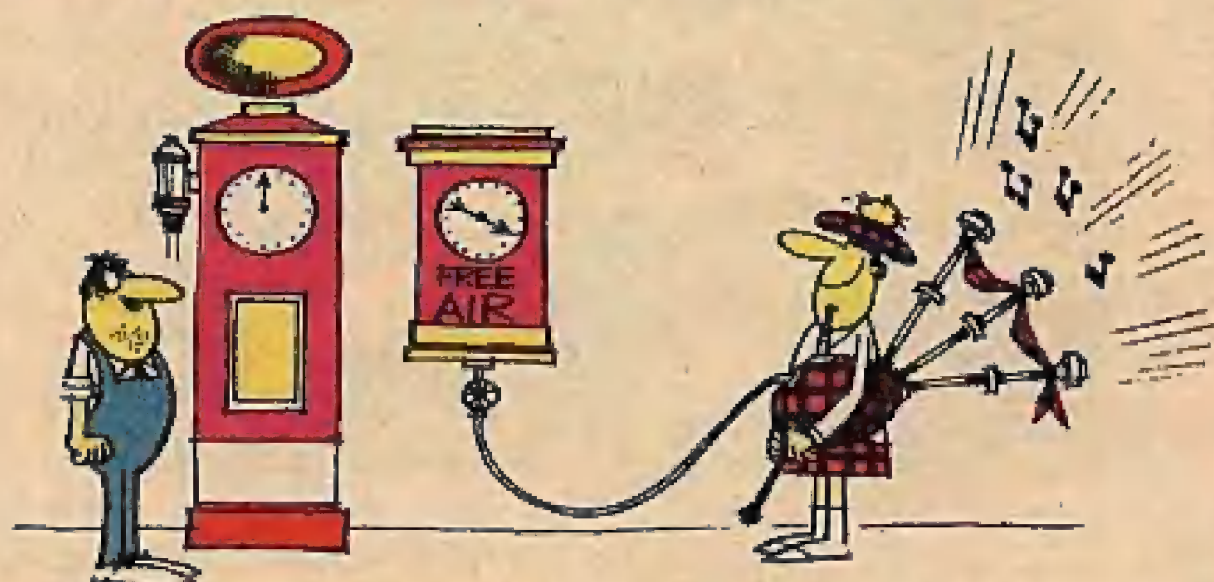
The headman maddened at this outburst drew his dagger and ripped open the thief's stomach with one savage slash. Before the thief's body hit the ground, the tribesmen leaped on it, but their search was fruitless.

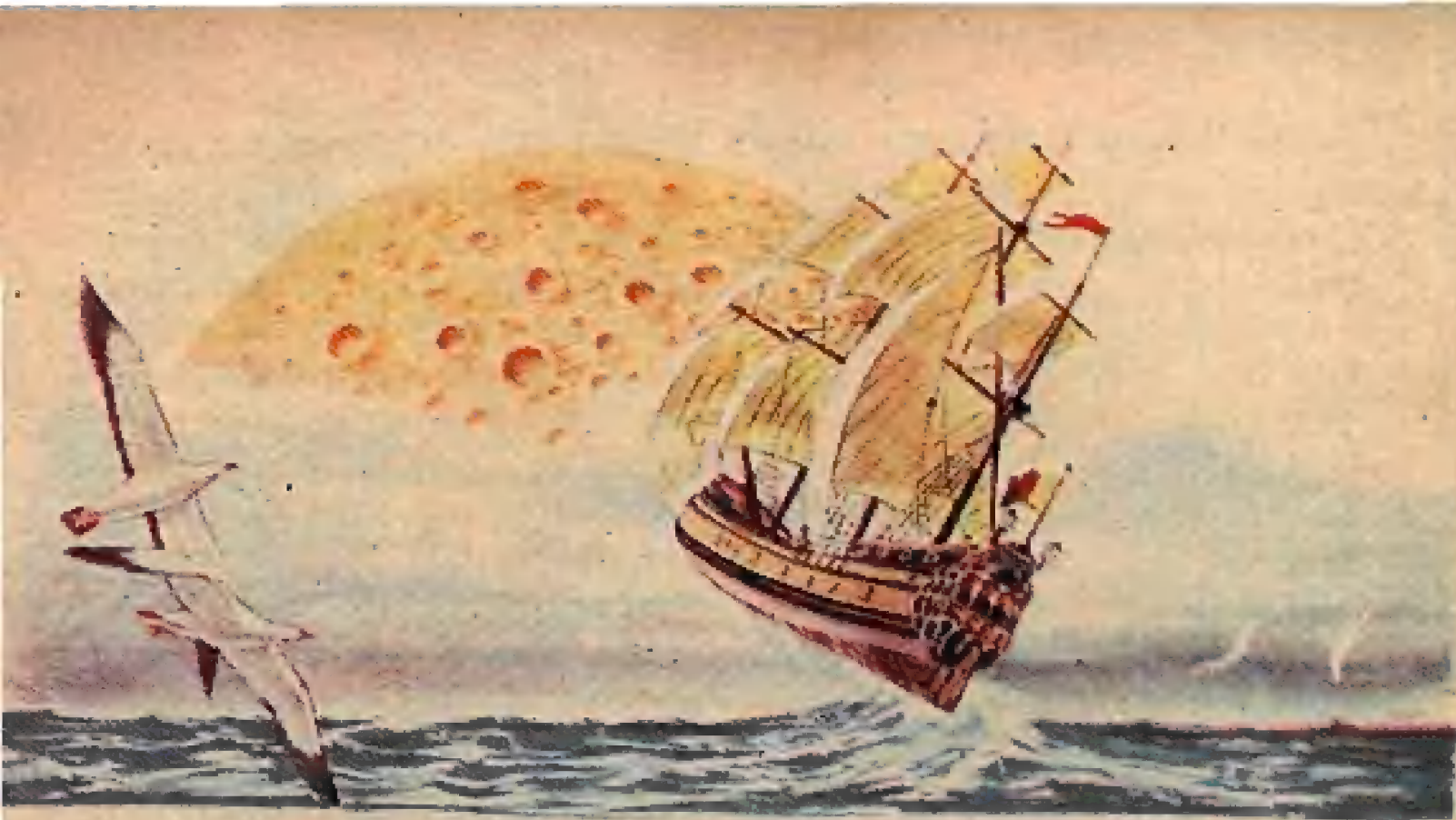
Throwing his dagger down in

disgust, the headman growled, "Let these others go. They have nothing worth stealing."

Returning slowly home, each of the three youths silently pondered on the noble action of the thief who had saved their lives.

Never again did the youths waste their hours on idle escapades and in time became worthy men of the kingdom.





THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

This month dear readers, I want to tell you about my exciting trip to the moon.

It all really started when a cousin of mine bought himself a copy of the famous book, *Gulliver's Travels*. He found it most interesting, but when he had finished it, he turned to me and said, "Can it be true that there are places such as Lilliput, where tiny people live, and places such as Brobdingang, where people are giants? If I

could see such places, then I would believe it."

"My dear cousin, there are some very strange places indeed," I replied. "And if seeing is believing, then I suggest you go and look for them."

It was said as a sort of joke, but my cousin thought about it seriously, and a week later he came to me and announced that he had bought a fine ship and was ready to set sail.

"Set sail to where?" I asked.

"To the lands that were visited by Gulliver," he answered. "Would you care to come with me?"

I am always ready for adventure and readily agreed to go with him. We set sail from the port of Bristol and headed South for best part of six weeks without accident or trouble of any kind.

On the forty-second day we were somewhere in the region of Northern Australia and ran into a big storm. Hurricanes, typhoons and whirlwinds attacked us all at the same time, and a great twisting wind seized our sailing-ship, whirled it up into the sky to a height of about two thousand miles and kept it there for quite a time.

Then at last a fair wind filled our sails and carried us along at a great rate. There was nothing in sight except sky, but after we had sailed some six weeks above the clouds, we sighted land.

At a distance it looked round and shining, like a glittering island.

"Luckily we are heading straight for it," I said to my cousin.

We entered a good harbour, landed, and found the country

inhabited. We saw towns, trees, mountains, rivers and lakes, so that we could almost believe ourselves at home again.

I need hardly tell you that the glittering island on which we had landed was the Moon, or rather the side of it which is not usually seen from the Earth.

It really was a strange place. The people of the Moon were about the same size as ourselves, but insects and animals and birds were several times larger than those we are used to seeing on Earth.

To give you an example, a Moon bee was about as big as one of our sheep and when it flew over our heads we were almost deafened by the noise of its loud buzzing, and the thought of being stung by a monster such as that, was a little frightening. They appeared, however, to be quite good-tempered and spent all their time searching for nectar in fields of clover, the flowers of which were as big as footballs.

One of the largest of the birds was the Moon eagle. To give you an idea of the size, I must tell you that from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other was a distance about six times as long as the longest

of our walking-sticks, but that was not the most startling thing about them. These Moon eagles had three heads and were used by the people of the Moon, instead of horses, for riding and driving.

We saw many of them flying over our heads, each with a rider on his way to visit another place, or perhaps to go to work in the farmlands, where they grew all kinds of vegetables—and they, too, were of enormous size.

It must have been the special soil of the Moon which made them grow so large. A single stick of asparagus, for example, was sixteen feet long. One of the favourite sports among the athletes of the Moon was a mock fight between two fit young men.

One was armed with a large carrot and the other with an asparagus stick, and each protected himself by using a huge mushroom as a shield. As a rule the one with the long stick of asparagus usually won, and such fights were very popular with the Moon people, who shouted and cheered just as the Earth people will do at a football match.

The Moon people seemed to



have a great sense of fairness, for I was told that about a week later the two men would fight again, but this time they would change weapons to make things more equal. I thought that this was an excellent and sporting idea. The king of the Moon offered to let me have a try, even promising that I should be allowed to use the asparagus—but I begged his majesty to forgive me for declining such an honour.

While we were on the Moon, I had the pleasure of meeting



two business men who had come from Sirius, which is perhaps better known as the Dog Star. They had a head like that of a bulldog, and though they spoke in gruff, growling voices, they were very polite.

"We are very pleased to meet you," Baron Munchausen, they said to me, raising their hats. "Please tell us something about your Earth."

"Well, gentlemen," I said, as I took off my hat and bowed. "There are many interesting things—dog-daisies, dog-

biscuits, dog-roses, dog-kennels, dog-watches on ships—"

"Ah, then the Earth people must lead a dog's life," said one of them, and they both laughed in a growling sort of way.

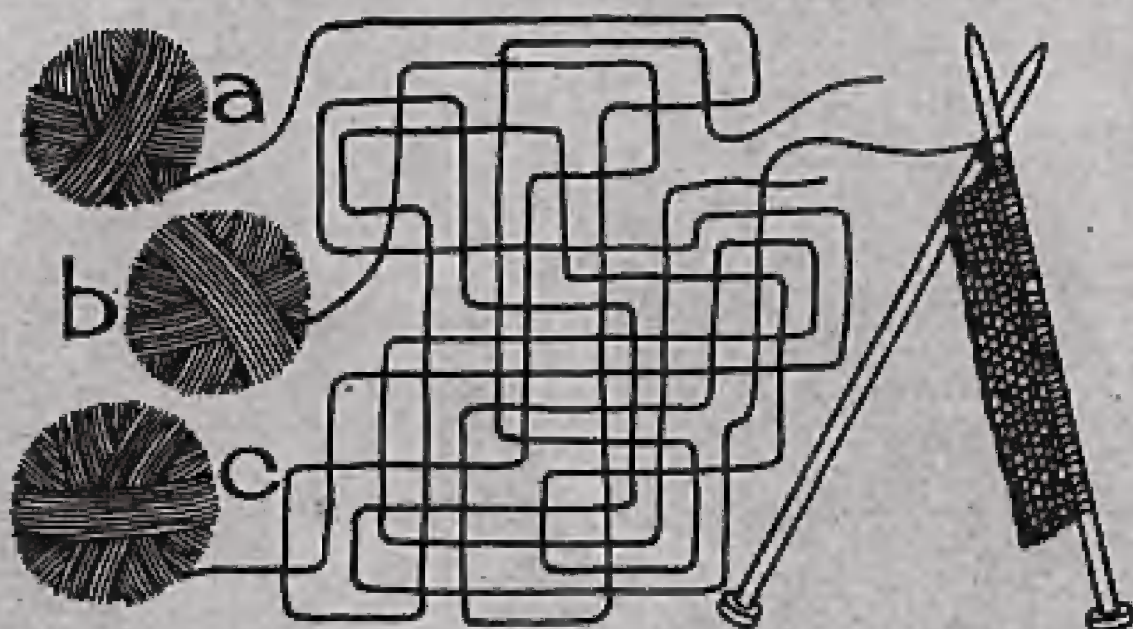
"Only when it rains heavily," was my reply. "We call it raining cats and dogs. I say, where are you off to in such a hurry?"

Perhaps it was the word "cats" that offended them, for they both gave a snarl and hurried away to continue their business, which, I later found out, was to sell cloth with a dog-tooth pattern to the Moon people.

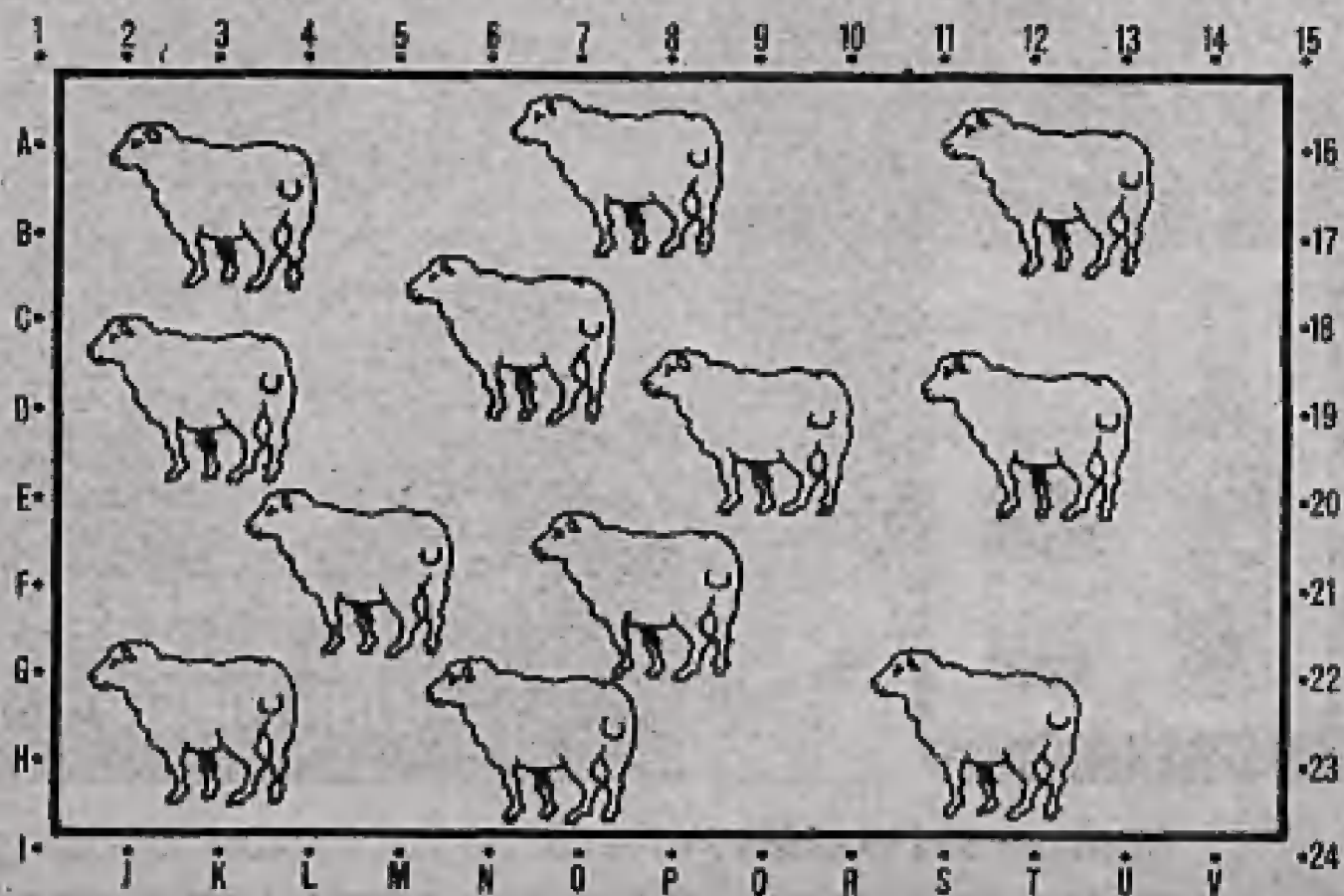
We could not stay long on the Moon, for my cousin wished to get back, so I was not able to see it all, but I did manage to find the answer to a question that has puzzled people for many hundreds of years. By picking up a small piece of the Moon's crust and tasting it, I was able to prove one thing—that it is NOT made of green cheese!

In fact it had a rather strange taste, very much like brown chalk, and I am only sorry that I did not bring a piece back with me to show you what I mean.

Try to unravel the wool to find out which ball is being used for knitting. And try not to get into too much of a tangle while doing so!



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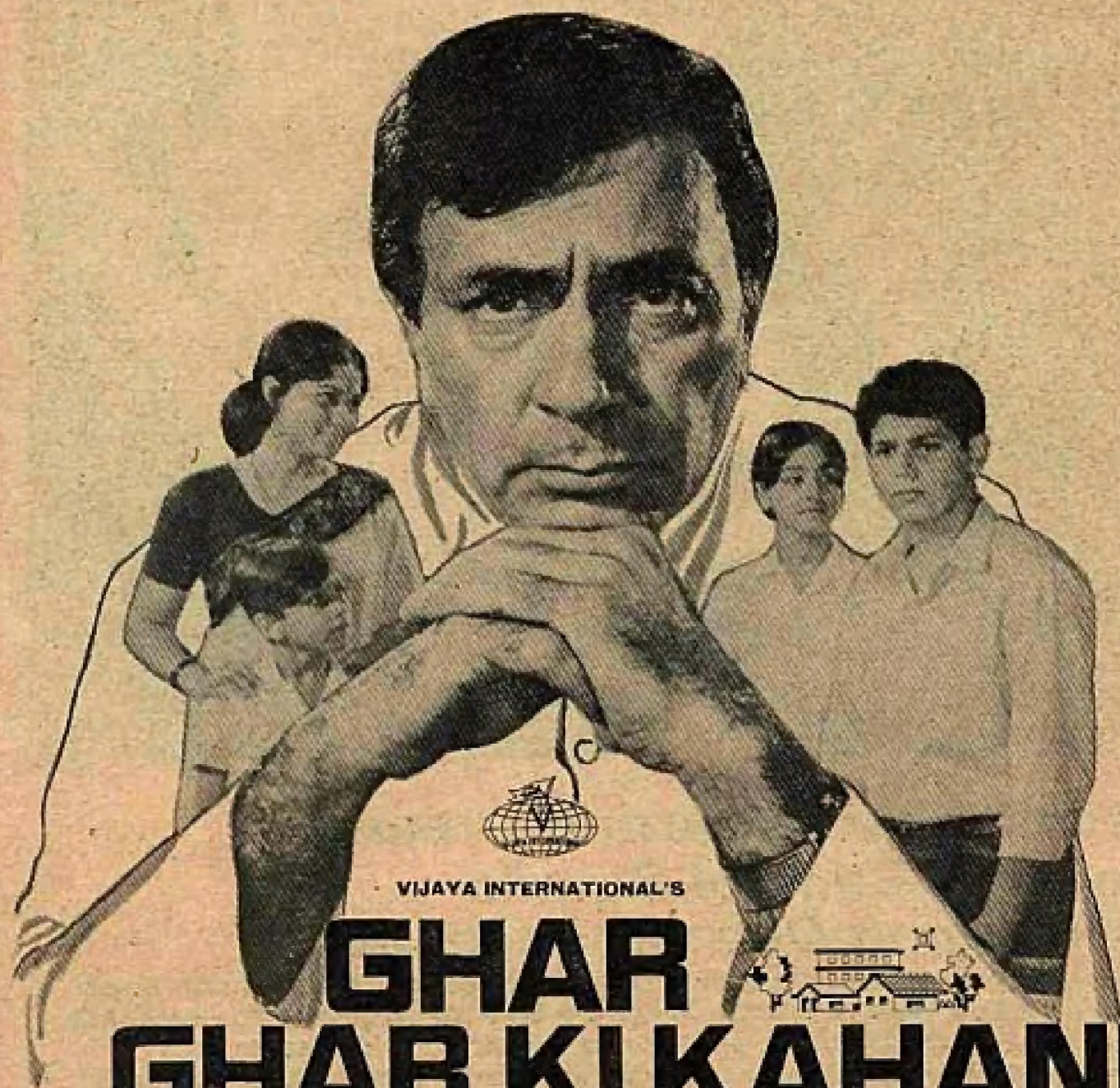
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*Reference to study done by Russell and Elvove,
1951, in 'Scientific Articles', page 305,
Annals of the Royal College of Surgeons,
England, November 1969. Vol. 45/No. 5.*

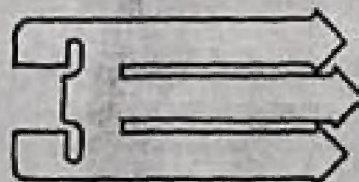
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